VERY MODEST INDEED.

A Young Man Wins $15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, but Says "For Heaven's Sake Don't Say I Told You So"

Perhaps the most modest young man who ever struck the capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery is August J. Miller, a young printer with a pompadour hair cut and a little black moustache, who is in the employ of the Nixon & Jones Printing company, No. 212 Pine street, and who lives at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Coleman, a horse collar maker, at 1417 South Twelfth street. Mr. Miller held a twentieth part of ticket No. 63,856, which drew the $300,000 prize in the drawing on Tuesday, October 15. A Star-Sayings reporter called on Miller a day or two ago and he flatly denied drawing the money. This morning the reporter called again, after ascertaining that there was no doubt whatever as to Mr Miller's receiving the sum of $15,000 by check through the New Orleans National Bank. Mr. Miller still retained his modesty on the subject, and declared that he did not want his name published.

"I will tell you I won $15," he said, "which was a portion of an approximation prize of $300."

"Are you sure you did not draw $15,000?"

After some consideration the young man finally acknowledged that he had drew the entire amount of $15,000 through Mr. Pardu, the agent of the Southern Express company at New Orleans, who in turn drew the money from the bank at New Orleans on account of August J. Miller of St. Louis.

But Mr. Miller persisted that he did not draw the money for himself, but that he drew it for a club of 15 he did not deny. The names of the 15 parties he said he was not at liberty to give stating he had pledged himself not to say anything about it. Said Mr. Miller, in conclusion: "I drew the whole amount, $15,000, besides the $15 I won myself, and the amount has been divided equally between the members of the club."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Miller's daily occupation is setting type for the great weekly journal known as the Spectator, he was urgently adverse to having his name appear in print, notwithstanding his great streak of luck in striking the lottery's richest vein.—St. Louis, (Mo.) Star-Sayings, Nov. 4.

Out at sea a ship occasionally heaves in sight, but a seasick passenger prefers to heave out of sight.

The insect that flies into a drunkard's optic finds a watery grave.

No, Johnny, ten-pin balls are not made in rolling-mills.

A tailor requires many yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with a small revolver.

It is very easy to discover rare beauty and accomplishments in an heiress.

A late riser—poor yeast.

The sleeping apartment of a musical college ought to be called the do-re-me-tory.

The smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch."

An early settler—an egg shell.

THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard!
A sweeter than the ripples' splash, or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain drops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine trees on yonder mountain hight;
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves, to fill the creaking wain!
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing silently, until the storms went by!

Oh! have you lifted up your heart, to him who loves us all,
And listens through the angel songs, if but a sparrow fall,
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat!

It hath its dulcet echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven's promise, as sure as heaven's throne.
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care.
That atom is as dear to Him as my dear child to me;
He cannot lose me from my place through all eternity;
You wonder, when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets as the wind across the wheat!

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks later came Sir Nestor Goldeney's Christmas ball—on which occasion Captain Tregelles, with his left arm in a sling, was the hero of the evening. The Captain was tall, with a lithe active figure like Tom's, but a decided Berkely face, fair, with gray eyes and rather large features and a yellow moustache—a great deal more like his uncle Berkeley than either of that uncle's two sons—a gay, good looking soldierly fellow, with none of his sister's gentle reserve about him, but a certain hardihood almost amounting to recklessness, which would be sure to commend itself to romantic girls and hot-headed ardent boys like Tom. He was Tom's hero; and no devotee ever worshipped more devoutly than did Tom at the shrine of his cousin Waring.

Captain Tregelles did not dance—he was not fit for that yet; but the prettiest and the best-dressed girls seemed quite willing to sit out a dance with him in a quiet corner instead of showing off their new toilettes amid the whirl of the dancers.

Miss Derwent sat out a dance with the wounded soldier, Tom having introduced his cousin to her; and after that it was Tom's turn to claim her. It was getting towards supper-time, and Sir Nestor Goldeney had not yet come to inscribe his name on her card. She could not consider it a slight, inasmuch as he had everyone to ask and he could not dance with more than one at a time; but still, he might have come to her before now if he had chosen. He had opened the ball with Mary Tregelles, and Tom had told Nina that, "if the parson had been there, he'd have wanted to punch his head."

In spite of the artistic effect of her most careful toilet, her smiling lips, and the wicked look in her bright eyes, which had proved so alluring in some cases—in spite of these and the lovely silken dress that eclipsed all the others in the room—Miss Derwent was not proving a great attraction at the chief event of the season. Tom was devoted, of course, and his cousin, the captain, was very gallant, and the boys and young men stared at her and her beautiful strange dress; but they seemed to hang back, and had not Tom introduced Captain Tregelles at a most opportune moment, she would have had to play "wall-flower" through a long and dreamy valse, even Tom being engaged for it, as she had told him at the commencement of the evening that she did not suppose she would be able to dance with him more than twice, if as often as that. She had been spared the agony of sitting out the valse alone, and she was very gracious to Tom as she stood up with him for a polka-mazurka.

Agnes was not at the ball. She had been included in the invitation, and the captain had pleaded hard for his pretty cousin; but in vain—her stepmother, who set high value on her good looks and had ambitious plans for her future—though she did not allow her to guess at any of this—did not consider that her time was come yet, and hinted that if small gatherings and little dances such as she had allowed her to appear at rendered her discontented, she must stay in the school-room altogether, which had a marvellously quieting effect upon the stream of Agnes's eloquence.

"Well, what do you think of Waring?" said Tom to Nina.

"Oh, I like him very much," she returned. "He is so—so unlike these countrymen"—pointing and looking about her disdainfully—"more like the men I have always been used to meeting, in fact."

"Do you include me under the head of 'these countrymen?'" inquired the boy, half reproachfully.

"You? Of course not. You stand alone—you are unique!"—laughingly. "Havn't I told you more than once, Tom, that you are not like anybody else that I ever saw?"

But he looked grave in spite of her gay assurances, until they had taken a few turns together, when she said—

"Oh, Tom dear, how nicely you dance! It is a treat, after some of them!"

"It was you who taught me," he answered, flushing to the temples with pleasure.

"I didn't teach you this I am sure."

"Perhaps not; but you taught me a great deal about dancing and other things too; you gave me many new ideas; and, if I am at all different from 'these countrymen,' as you call them, it is all owing to you, remember."

"You silly boy!" she said, shaking her head at him in arch reproach. "How you do remember things!"

"I cannot forget anything that you say," he returned.

"Well, you must forget that unfortunate remark of mine, since it contained nothing intended for you and yours. Why, you are all out of the common—any one can see that—and that lovely sister of yours will make a professional beauty some day."

"I hope not," declared Tom.

"Ah, you don't understand!"—wisely.

"You are always telling me that; but,"—with a fond glance at the little head that scarcely reached his shoulder—"I understand all I want—at present."

"At any time. You are best as you are—I wouldn't have you altered."

"You'll make me vain," he returned in very good spirits again.

"No fear of that," smiling up into his delicate yet strongly marked face.

There was something in Tom's face that seemed to appeal to every one; the harsh words that his conduct had merited died on the lips at a glance from his eyes; it was only in his absence that most people could find it in their hearts to express their real opinion of him.

"Dance the next with me," he urged, when the polka-mazurka was over, "if you are not engaged for it."

"I am not engaged to dance," she replied rather hesitatingly; "but Captain Tregelles——"

"Why, it's a valse!" he broke in. "It would be a shame to sit out another valse! Tell him you'll sit out the next with him instead."

"But I—I didn't quite promise——"

"Oh, well, then, he won't expect it when he finds it's a valse! He has got mother with him still," looking round. "Oh, of course, I don't mean that that's the same thing at all," responding in a moment to the smile that parted her lips; "but he won't be lonely, at all events. Come."

But still she hesitated.

"I was going to ask you to dance it with Phyllis or Betty," she said. "You have been there so much lately——"

"Since you have been there."

"And it would look well for you to pay them a little attention. They don't get many partners, poor things!"

"I thought of that before, and I have danced with Betty and been refused by Louisa. If you valse with me now, I will go to Phyllis next, and ask the other two over again as well."

"Why, Tom, how thoughtful you are growing!"—in smiling surprise.

"I've such a good teacher! Well, shall I go and tell Waring that you are going to dance this with me, and will sit out the quadrille with him afterwards instead?"

"Oh, no—there's no occasion for that," putting a detaining hand upon his sleeve. "He will understand when he sees us; besides, I told you I didn't promise; and, since you so much wish it——"

She waited a moment; but Tom did not yield on this occasion, thinking it probably the last dance he should have with his beloved that night; and so they waltzed to the strains of the "Manolo" for the following ten minutes, stopping at last just opposite Captain Tregelles and Mrs. Berkeley.

"Here, Waring," said Tom abruptly, "I hope you did not mind; it was I who kept Miss Derwent away from you to dance with me, because it seemed such a pity to miss another valse; but she's going to sit out the next with you now."

"Oh, thank you!" replied Captain Tregelles seeming rather surprised. "It is really very kind of you, Miss Derwent, but I must not trespass thus upon your good nature."

Tom stared in amazement.

"I thought you expected her," he exclaimed "She said——"

"No, no, Tom," interposed Miss Derwent, with smiling impatience and a slightly clouded brow—"you are making a mistake! I said that——"

"It is very good of you not to have forgotten," interrupted Captain Tregelles quietly after a quick glance at her.

Nina sat down. Mrs. Berkely maintaining her position on her nephew's other hand, whence she had been a silent observer of the little scene. When the dance was over. Sir Nestor Goldeney at last made his appearance before Miss Derwent, and asked the favor of her hand for the next dance. Mrs. Berkeley waited until Nina had gone away with the Baronet, and then turned to her step-nephew and said solemnly—

"Waring, that girl—no, that woman—is ruining Tom! I daren't think of what is to become of him after this. Now I warn you against her—as I would have warned him, if it would have been of the slightest use."

"My dear aunt," protested the Captain laughingly, "I assure you there is no occasion to look so grave. I am not in danger."

"Very well, I hope you are not—at any rate, I have warned you. Tom is a different creature since he met her."

"And a very much pleasanter and more companionable creature!" declared Waring. "He is so altered that I should not have known him. If it is she who has worked the change in him there ought not to be any harm in her. Why shouldn't he marry her in two or three years? and then she could continue the taming process under happier auspices."

"Marry her! Don't you ever suggest such a thing to him, Waring—though I dare say he has thought of it himself before now. If she were a dove instead of a serpent, look at their ages—he eighteen, she, I have always declared and firmly believe, thirty, if she's a day."

"Oh, not so much as that!"—deprecìatingly, with all a young and naturally gallant man's tenderness in dealing with the delicate subject of a woman's age—he had only seen Miss Derwent by gaslight as yet.

"Thirty, if she's a day!" declared Mrs. Berkeley, bearing down opposition imperatively. "And, if Tom were ten years younger, it would not be any better for Tom. Waring she's been after every marriageable man in the place, and falls back upon Tom because he's the only one who will have anything to do with her—she has frightened away all the rest with her boldness. Poor Mrs. Stephenson is at her wit's-end to get rid of her; and I am sure I pity her, poor thing! Not that I have been very intimate with her, or have allowed Agnes to go there often—her girls are not the companions I should choose for mine; but when one sees a neighbor in such a fix, and her visitor doing her best to get Mr. Rowland away from Louisa and making herself the talk of the place, one cannot but pity her. She feared being left out of this"—glancing about her—"on her account, and then she would have been simply nowhere!"

"Why, what has our little host of the guinea-colored face to do with the behavior of Mrs. Stephenson's guest?" inquired Captain Tregelles, in a tone of incredulous amusement.

"Nothing—except that she has run after him so that he has not known where to put himself to get out of her reach. And the Vicar—even he has not been spared."

"Why, he spoke to me about Mary last night," opposed the Captain, laughing comfortably.

"Oh, he did, did he?"—and Mrs. Berkeley looked very pleased and important.

"Said he had only been waiting until my return. Surely he has not been led astray by this little witch whose power you seem to fear so much?"

"Of course not! But she endeavored to attract him, though in vain. Mr. Freke never had eyes for any woman until Mary came, and it was not at all likely that he would be attracted by that forward creature!"

"Why, aunt, you are very hard upon her!" remonstrated Captain Tregelles, still laughingly, but seeking with no unkind glance the fairy-like form now whirling round on the little Baronet's clasp.

"You see," continued Mrs. Berkeley, "I know something of her—all that she will allow to be known of herself, and possibly a little more. She was a governess at Louisa Stephenson's school, and was sent away for trying to get up an affair first with one master and then with another—so Louisa now says; she never told anyone at the time, not even her mother lest she should object to having her here to stay; for she thought a great deal of her then, not having a lover of her own to be enticed away. Miss Derwent went to her aunt's on leaving—her only relative, it seems, married recently to a very shady man on the Stock Exchange—and from her talk, and the letters she wrote to Louisa after leaving the school, they seem to have gone out a great deal in such society as they could command; but, if the object was to find her a husband, they did not succeed, and it is now supposed here that the aunt found her a burden, and that she came to try her chance in the country."

"So Louisa—is that Mrs. Stephenson's engaged daughter?—has turned informer, has she?" commented the young man, considerably amused.

"She has reason to do so," answered Mrs. Berkely weightily. "And—yes there goes Mr. Rowland to ask Miss Derwent to dance!"

"He of the dark hair and whiskers? Why he has hardly left the side of that young lady with the gracefully-drooping head—who I presume is Miss Louisa—whose mamma keeps such a watchful eye upon them both, ever since he came. He deserves a holiday."

"Mrs. Stephenson has to be careful," replied Mrs. Berkeley, not noticing her nephew's flippancy. "It required a good deal of management to get Louisa disposed of at all," placidly, "and now to have it all spoilt must be very vexing."

"It must," agreed the Captain, regarding the mother and daughter with interest. "I should imagine myself that the fair Louisa would prove heavy on hand."

"Oh, nobody knew that better than her mother. But she managed things cleverly, until this visitor of hers came and proved herself more than a match for her. Miss Turtell told Mrs. Carleton that Mrs. Stephenson was in real trouble about it."

The next dance was the supper-dance, and, from the point of vantage which Mrs. Berkeley secured near the top of one of the long tables, she saw Captain Tregelles enter presently with Miss Derwent and sit down; and after them pressed Tom, happy and eager looking, with a faint flush upon his face. Betty Stephenson was with him; he sat between her and Nina, and all his devotion to the latter did not lead him to forget to pay kind and careful attention to the wants of his partner.

The Captain and Nina talked so much to one another during supper that Tom could hardly get a word in though, when he had taken pains to get a seat next to her, he thought it would be nearly as good as though he had taken her in to supper. Mrs. Berkeley left the table before they did, and the last glance she directed towards them as she went out at the curtained doorway revealed Captain Tregelles' fair head and yellow moustache dangerously close to Miss Derwent, who was looking up into his face with a most bewitching smile, disclosing her pretty teeth as she chatted to him, while Tom waited as patiently as he might for his turn for a word or glance from her.

Mrs. Berkeley gave up hope and went and sat down dejectedly in a corner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dashley—"Queer things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner at my boarding-house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar button that I lost a week ago."

Snaggs—"That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?"

Dashley—"I give it up. A silk umbrella, perhaps."

"Snaggs—"No sir, strawberries."

Dashley (incredulously) — "Aw, what are you giving me?"

A party with a fresh "sheepskin" with Latin inscriptions is entirely pardonable for feeling that he is "all wool and a yard wide.

CATCHING WILD STEERS.

How the Texas Steer is Kept in Subjection in Chicago.

When the fiery, untamed Texas steer makes his debut at the stock yards, says the daily Sun of that city, his first sensation is one of surprise followed by alarm. He longs for the wild unfettered freedom of his native plains and has no hankering for the high-priced and effete civilization that prevails at the stock yards. Probably he also scents the not far distant danger to bovine life at the slaughter houses of Packingtown, and refusing to eat the timothy hay of civilization, he pines for the bunch grass and solitude of Texas. The first thought of the average Texan steer on arriving at the stock yards is to give the commission man the cold shake and make his escape. He has a very indistinct idea of where he intends to locate, his primary object being to leave the stock yards. Once loose he finds time to indulge in the festive freaks that made life in his native heath so enjoyable, and nothing creates so much glad joy in his heart as to jab one of the long horns with the cerebellum of a three hundred dollar horse or to make a woman jump over a fence seven feet high.

These peculiar inclinations of the recently arrived steer compels the stock yards company to maintain a bureau for his suppression, and at the same time the preservation of the safety of the public. Sometimes a steer breaks loose, demolishes a street car or two, causes half a dozen women to die of hysteria and creates havoc generally. These damages are assessed on the stock yards company and the duty of the bureau is to overtake the runaway steer and suppress him before he has had a chance to destroy many brick blocks. This bureau is under the management of Chief of Police Mel Hoerner, and it performs many deeds of valor in the task of squelching the frisky and peculiar fancies of the nimble steer.

A chase after a runaway steer is by no means an easy job. The pursuer usually arms himself with a pair of boxing gloves, a revolver or two, and sufficient money to liquidate any claims that the steer may create by reason of damage to property in his travels. The shooting of a steer is to be avoided if possible, as the carting of the dead carcass back to the stock yards is attended with expense. By overhauling the steer and knocking him out according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, the steer is to some extent tamed and will frequently return cheerfully to captivity.

The chase after wild steers is more exciting that running down a ferocious bag of aniseed. Sometimes after chasing a steer many miles the chaser is compelled to dismount from his horse, throw the steer over in the ditch and hold him down by the horns until assistance arrives. Mr. Hoerner has made a specialty of this trick.

Many feats of valor have been performed in the capture of runaway steers, but one went on record last week that eclipses any ever before accomplished. A steer with the general aspect of a Numidian lion got away from the stock yards and made a bee line for Jackson park. On arriving there the steer chased everyone off the grounds and proceeded to destroy the last season's improvements with the intention of making it look as much like his lost Texas as possible. Soon the hired man of the stock yards company appeared on the scene and gave battle and the conflict was a desperate one. The steer fought bravely but finally human superiority prevailed, and dragging the steer into the lake the stock yard attache held his head under the water until it was drowned. This story sounds a little off color but it will be vouched for at Mel Hoerner's office at any time.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.

The Effect on Scholars and Thinkers of Modern Times.

It is safe to say that there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible, says the Century. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English.

The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and morality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly Biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the Scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people even before they were praised by the critics.

Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense, long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as moulded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled;" it has become a part of spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, novelists like Scott and romancers like Hawthorne, essayists like Bacon, Steele and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers like Carlyle and Ruskin—all drawn upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.

Keep Out of Debt.

Every man who would get along in the world should, as far as possible, avoid debt. From the very outset of his career he should sternly resolve to live within his income, however paltry it may be. The art of living easily as to money, is very simple—pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. All the world's wisdom on this subject is most tersely epitomized in the words of Dickens's Micawber: "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds and six; result, misery." Many a man dates his downfall from the time he began going in debt.

The Sorrows of Poverty.

An American Dickens could find abundant material for an American "Oliver Twist" in our town poor boards and city societies that have to do with children. Mr. Bumble, the beadle, still lives under another name, and at times he shows his hand as spitefully as ever did that coarse and cruel official. Some weeks ago the Board of Children's Guardians at Indianapolis, the home of Harrison, took temporary charge of a pretty little girl of eleven years, and the first thing they did was to cut off her magnificent head of golden hair. In vain the little one pleaded and begged; she was shorn as closely as if she had been a convict and punished for guilt. Now the mother is sueing for damages, and any jury with half a heart will give her all she asks. Too many crimes are committed in the name of benevolence, and they should be checked.

Whisky is reported steady, though imbibers rarely are.

Now the poor man bolts his dinner,
Swallows, without tasting it,
Trembling least his wife should tell him
"John, this stove-pipe doesn't fit."

A correspondent wants to know if Muldoon was ever thrown in the Epsom Downs.

More than half the papers in the world are printed in English—bad English, many of them.

Court in banc—sparking a female teller.